The Evening World.

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PATRIOTISM.

PATRIOTISM! What is it?

Breakfast table outbursts over the morning news with the demand that Washington do something? Denting the mahogany of the corner saloon in the desire to see some one smashed? Readiness to stand by and cheer anybody else who is willing to spend a month in camp wearing Uncle Sam's uniform?

No and yes. Let's be reasonable. It's no discredit to true patriotism that it has to detach itself slowly from habit—that it doesn't instantly unfurl itself like a flag or flare like a trumpet.

"Patriotism," an American well said, "is simple and trustful, like family affection, and its subordinate place in the ordinary life of the nation is seen in the fact that it rarely shows itself except in national emergencies."

What is more, we forget that the patriotism we are forever lauding in other generations has been purified by time and imagination of all the selfishness and sordidness that clung about it at the moment. We talk now of the "Spirit of '61." Read the records. See what a task Lincoln had to drag regiments out of grudging States.

That stanch old despiser of flub-dub, Dr. Samuel Johnson, once said: "There are inexcusable lies and consecrated lies. For instance, we are told that on the arrival of the news of the unfortunate battle of Fontenoy every heart beat and every eye was in tears. Now we know that no man ate his dinner the worse, but there should have been all this concern; and to say there was may be reckoned a consecrated lie."

The instinct of this nation is not for war. To assert the contrary is a lie not even consecrated. Peace, industry and commerce are, as they have been, our chief concern. Why be ashamed of it? Since the outbreak of hostilities in Europe this country has been in many respects like a busy modern citizen suddenly confronted with the fact that duelling still survives. It has been a long time since the United States has been forced to take cognizance of a code handed down from the Middle Ages.

Even now, when the nation is convinced that madness still gets the better of civilization and common sense, it cannot be expected that all Americans will agree where they stand and how they must act. Some are trying to lull their fellow countrymen into false security. Others seek to lash them into a bellicose state supposed to be good for the national soul. Meanwhile the country goes on resolutely rejecting both extremes.

Despite the attempts of pacifists to brand it as militarism, anything less militaristic than Saturday's great parade in this city it would be hard to imagine. Those thousands of business men, engineers, lawyers, workers of all sorts, were not thinking of arms or battle. They were only getting together shoulder to shoulder in an effort to feel their way toward some convincing demonstration of national oneness and loyalty. That is about as high as our collective patriotism has risen so far.

The fact is there is nobody big enough to argue or coerce the country into being patriotic as he personally conceives that state. A lucky thing for a nation committed to a policy of peace.

Americans, one and all, are working it out together. The majority of them believe, we think, that preparedness can be achieved without any grinding of teeth or shouting of battle cries. They must also have sense enough to see that patriotism sooner or later descends from an idea to a practical question for each man to put to himself: What shall I give? What can I do?—which is where the genuine article becomes instantly distinguishable from its imitations.

But let living Americans cease to flay one another in the name of patriotism until they have developed the quality enough to standardize it.

We agree with Col. Tim Williams. The Public Service Commission is just as competent as the Traffic Department of the B. R. T.

Hits From Sharp Wits

Always there will be doubt in the mind of the average man whether the life of a so-called model husband is worth living.—Toledo Blade.

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The part of wisdom is usually the part that is missing.—Deseret News.

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Nothing is so very remarkable in the story that a man born without hands becomes a fine penman. We know fine penmen that have no heads.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

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When a man is at the end of his argument he cusses. When a woman is at the end of her arguments she cries.

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The reader a man is to advise every one else, the more unwilling he is likely to be to take advice, even when it is perfectly good.

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Supersensitive persons can be known by the slight regard that they have for the feelings of others.—Albany Journal.

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As soon as they open their mouths many "logical" candidates prove that they are not.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Letters From the People

Praises Editorial.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I write to compliment you on your recent editorial "Ominous Symptoms," for from my point of view, consider this one of the most concise treatises on the subject that has ever come to my attention. It could be made of far-reaching benefit if it were possible to place in the hands of every employee a copy of the same in the language best understood by him. You have certainly summed up the situation thoroughly and truthfully.

S. J. W.

Customary, Not Obligatory.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is an employer supposed to give written references to a man whom he has had in his employ for three years and who leaves of his own accord?

A. B. C.

References, in such cases, are customary, but are not obligatory by law.

Danish Submarines in 1864.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read an article with the heading "The Submarine Is Irish." I wish to broaden the knowledge on this subject by stating that I do not consider Mr. John P. Holland the inventor of the submarine, except for America. Submersible boats were used as far back as 1864, when Denmark (being at war with Prussia and Austria) had a submersible boat called Rolf Krake, which did, at that time, much damage to the enemy, especially so during the storm against the "Dueppler Schanzen (redoubts-trenches). I know this to be a fact.

C. H. W.

The Difference.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

As an American of English descent let me correct Edmond Egan, who compares Ireland to New York State. The difference is that the Empire State governs itself, its people electing the Governor and legislators. Ireland does not elect the Lord Lieutenant. He is appointed by the Crown. If Ireland's status was that of New York, why should Mr. Egan support Mr. Redmond in his fight for Home Rule, when, according to his argument, that condition already exists?

R. G. ROBERTS.

Liked Lockhart Story.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please compliment Caroline Lockhart for me on the beautiful story she wrote for The Evening World, "The Man From Bitter Roots." I hope that we will get a sequel to it some time, for it ended quite abruptly. I find the "Complete Novel a Week" very interesting and I have read every one of them up to date.

W. J.

Men Who Fail

By J. H. Cassel

"I'm young. I've got plenty of time to succeed."

The Office Force

—By Bide Dudley—

POPPLE, the shipping clerk, held his watch to his ear.

"Stopped again!" he growled.

"Maybe it has a spring ailment," suggested Miss Primm, private secretary to the boss. "You know, they're quite stylish just now."

Bobbie, the office boy, faced her. "Gee, whiz!" he said, "are we goin' to have to listen to a lot of bum humor this morning? I hope not!"

Miss Primm turned to him in a rage. "Why, you good-for-nothing little runt," she said; "I'll have you know that joke was absolutely original with me and, if I must say it myself, is an excellent witticism. Bum humor, eh? Well, if you could think up jokes as good as that you'd be a famous comedian on the stage."

"Oh, that reminds me," said Bobbie, not at all abashed by Miss Primm's berating, "of a feller who wanted to get into a musical show. He wore a wrist watch on his ankle."

"What musical show?" demanded Miss Primm haughtily

"Nachurally it must 'a' been 'Watch Your Step,'" replied Bobbie.

Miss Tillie, the blond stenographer, indulged in a hearty laugh and then complimented Bobbie. "That's the best joke I've heard in years," she said. "It's fine."

"Yep," admitted Bobbie. "It's humor direct from the hum——"

"What do you mean by that?" asked Miss Primm sulkily.

"Ah, ha! I thought Miss Primm would have to ask the meaning of that word," said Bobbie. "Her knowledge of the English language is rawthah limited. Now, Miss Primm, a humidor"——

"Why, you little fool, you!" snapped the private secretary. "You're the one that doesn't know the meaning of that word. And, in addition, you're entirely too fresh. I'll bet you a nickel you don't know the meaning of the word 'humidor.'"

"Will you pay if you bet?" asked Bobbie.

"Certainly."

"All right! The bet's on. Pay me!"

"Pay you—what do you mean?"

"You said you'd pay if you bet."

"Well, I never!" sang out Miss Tillie. "That's the smoothest trick I ever saw worked. You said you'd pay if you bet; not if you won, Miss Primm."

"Oh, rot!" snapped Miss Primm. "He knew what I meant. Now I defy him to tell what a humidor is. He doesn't know."

"Go on and spill it, kid, if you know," said the blonde.

"Sure I will," replied the boy. "A humidor is the second button on the sleeve of the Sunday coat worn by the chief of the Whoppum tribe in Kanapolis, South Africa."

"It's nothing of the kind," said Miss Primm.

"How do you know it isn't?" asked Miss Tillie. "Have you ever been down there?"

Just then Mr. Snooks, the boss, stuck his head out of his private office. "What's the argument this morning?" he asked.

"Bobbie used the word 'humidor,'" replied Miss Primm, "and he doesn't know what it means. What is your idea, Mr. Snooks?"

"A humidor," replied the boss, with a twinkle in his eye, "is the door to a humorist's room."

"That's exactly what I told her," said Bobbie.

"Well, I never!" said the blonde, with a laugh. Mr. Snooks retired in his room and Miss Primm turned fiercely toward Bobbie.

"You little simpleton!" she said. "Just to enlighten your two-for-a-nickel brain a little I'll tell you that a humidor is a receptacle for cigars."

Bobbie shook his head. "No," he replied, "You're wrong. You're thinking of a cuspidor."

"Oh, what a fool that boy is!" sighed Miss Primm. And the morning discussion was over.

Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.—ROUSSEAU.

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

THE only kind of love worth anything is the kind that you get for nothing.

Why is it that the moment a man has finished one bottle of wine he feels rich enough to order a lot more, and the moment he has won the heart of one woman he feels conceited enough to fancy he can win all the others?

When a husband leaves a pretty wife entirely to her own devices evenings she is bound to cultivate something—nerves, debts, dogs, jealousy or another man.

Alas! To-morrow would always be sweet if only we could forget the foolish things we did yesterday.

When a man's head is fired with champagne he can always fancy that his heart is fired with love and that that is what is making the world go 'round.

Habit is the cement which holds the links of matrimony together when the ties of romance have crumbled.

When it comes to winning a battle or a woman, a wise fool sometimes rushes in and wins while a fool angel is preparing to tread.

He that telleth a secret unto a married man may prepare himself for a lot of free advertising; for, lo, the conjugal pillow is the root of all gossip.

A man would rather be stormed at than cried at; hot words may sting his vanity, but salt tears simply wash all the color out of his love.

It's a strong heart that has no turning—under a May moon.

The Jarr Family

—By Roy L. McCardell—

IT was a warm spring evening and Mrs. Jarr came tripping into the room and said, "Now, isn't this better?"

Mr. Jarr looked up. "This" evidently referred to a glass pitcher of home-brewed lemonade Mrs. Jarr was conveying toward him.

"Better than what?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Why, better than those poisons they sell men at such places as that awful Gus's!" said Mrs. Jarr.

"Haven't you got some maraschino cherries to put in?" he asked.

"Now, there you go!" said Mrs. Jarr. "If I brought you the earth on a silver dish you'd ask where was the moon and stars and why wasn't the dish a gold one! Of course, I have no maraschino cherries. Is this a saloon?"

Mr. Jarr shook his head (whether unhappy at the thought that it was not a saloon or just because he could not think of the right answer) and muttered that lemonade always looked nicer with cherries in it.

"You drink your lemonade and stop finding fault!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Just you drink it. If I hadn't made any you would have asked for it!"

"We had some preserved cherries in the house last week," faltered Mr. Jarr.

"The children ate some of them," said Mrs. Jarr, "and I used the rest in ice cream. Anyway, those maraschino cherries are only the start."

"Start of what?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"The start of men drinking," said Mrs. Jarr. "First they drink lemonade, which is a healthful temperance drink. Then they want cherries in it."

"Sure they do!" said Mr. Jarr. "They never serve you a lemonade in a first-class place without putting bits of decorative color in the way of maraschino cherries."

"I suppose your home isn't a first-class place then," said Mrs. Jarr. "I won't put them in the lemonade, because they are preserved in alcohol."

"Do you think a poor little preserved cherry starts one upon the downward path?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Yes, I do!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "All things have a beginning, and I firmly believe men start drinking that way. First they want cherries in their lemonade. That starts the craving. Then they want claret lemonade. Then they take to drinking beer. After guzzling beer they find it isn't strong enough. Then they take small drinks of whiskey, then large drinks."

"Then the gutter?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Not just yet. They drink absinthe next and then comes the end."

"Why so?" asked Mr. Jarr. "I see lots of people drinking absinthe and no indications of the d. g."

"D. G.?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "What's that?"

"The drunkard's grave," said Mr. Jarr, solemnly. Then he arose. "I don't feel in the mood for lemonade to-night," he said; "your talk has made me thirsty. I think I'll go out and get a big beer or maybe an absinthe frappe."

But when he reached Gus's he found Elmer, the bartender, on duty. Elmer did not know how to make an absinthe frappe, and, anyway, Mr. Jarr only had a nickel, and Mr. Jarr returned home and drank the lemonade. He pretended he had just stepped out to buy an evening paper.

Our National Conventions

The Story of Their Beginning and Development

No. 2—The Unit Rule and First Platform.

POLITICAL national conventions for the first few trials were mere ratification meetings, without contests and without excitement. But with the conventions for the campaign of 1840 they developed competing candidates and political manipulation. Thurlow Weed, the boss of New York State, devised the unit rule of voting State delegations solidly, a practice which was followed by Whig and Republican parties almost as closely as the Democrats have clung to the two-thirds rule.

The Whig Convention met in the Lutheran Church at Harrisburg, Pa., in December, 1839. Henry Clay was the popular idol of the party and the leading candidate. Weed opposed him for various reasons, principally because of belief that Clay could not carry New York and Pennsylvania. So he encouraged a number of rival candidates, among them Gen. Scott and Daniel Webster, but his favorite was Gen. William H. Harrison, although New York was instructed for Scott.

Clay had delegates from nearly all States that together would have made his nomination possible on the first ballot. Weed got the other candidates to join with him in adopting the unit rule, which cut out Clay's strength in all the States where he did not have a majority of the delegates. The strategy worked, Clay was headed off and Harrison nominated and elected.

Clay's disappointment was keen, and though many times a candidate he seemed fated, like Blaine and Bryan afterward, never to attain the White House. Five times Clay was a candidate; three times the nominee—in 1824, 1832 and 1844. He failed of nomination in the conventions of 1840 and 1848.

The Democratic Convention of 1840 introduced the novelty of a party platform. It was the idea of Martin Van Buren, who was hopelessly striving for a second term in the White House. The first written code of Democratic principles was laid down in a series of resolutions which set the pattern for future declarations. An unusual exception was the last paragraph of the platform, which stated:

"Whereas, several of the States which have nominated Martin Van Buren as a candidate for the Presidency have put in nomination different individuals as candidates for Vice President, thus indicating a diversity of opinion as to the person best entitled to the nomination;

"Resolved, That the convention deem it expedient at the present time not to choose between the individuals in nomination, but to leave the decision to their Republican fellow citizens in the several States, trusting that before election shall take place their opinions will become so concentrated as to secure the choice of a Vice President by the Electoral College."

No one candidate was finally nominated, but most of the party votes went to Vice President Richard M. Johnson. However, the Van Buren ticket went down to crushing defeat before "Old Tippecanoe" Harrison and the lack of a single Vice Presidential candidate made no difference.

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross.—SHAKESPEARE.

Just a Wife--(Her Diary)

Edited by Janet Trevor.

CHAPTER XIII.

JULY 24—Patty Kane came to see me to-day. Her mother and my mother are close friends, and I have known her ever since I was a little girl, although she is several years older than I. In the busy months immediately preceding my marriage I rather lost track of her, and I was almost startled when I saw her this afternoon.

She has been married only four years. She is not twenty-five, but she looks thirty-five. There are deep indentations between her eyes and at the corners of her mouth. And I couldn't help noticing that she was wearing last year's suit and hat.

I showed her all my pretty things; she hadn't seen even my trousseau. Then we had tea in the living room. I forget what we were talking about when I looked up to see a big tear splashing into her teacup. Impulsively I put my hand over the thin one in her lap.

"Patty, dear, what is the trouble?" I pleaded. "I can't bear to see you look so unhappy."

She sobbed unrestrainedly and for a moment could not speak.

"Don't you love Dan any more?" I asked wonderingly. Dan is Patty's husband.

"Yes, I love him," she replied in a voice tinged with bitterness, "although I'm sure I don't know why. Mollie, I'm going to tell you what's been wrong with my married life. Perhaps the story will help you to avoid a similar mistake.

"In one word, money is the cause of all my unhappiness. Dan has paid the house bills. We always have enough to eat. But he gives me neither a housekeeping allowance nor a personal allowance. I have to ask him for every penny and explain just how it is to be spent. Sometimes he gives me the sum I want. Sometimes he refuses it. Always he poses as the lord and master of the pocketbook.

"Isn't part of it mine? Don't I care for his house, mind his children, nurse him when he's ill? Don't I deserve something more than my board and an occasional dole, for which I must plead prettily? He'd have to pay a servant good wages to do my work.

"It has reached the point where I will not ask him for one penny unless I am absolutely compelled to do so. I walked to your house this afternoon and I shall walk back, because I have no carfare. I am wearing last year's clothes because I won't ask for new ones. And, of course, Dan thinks I'm getting old and dowdy and—he doesn't stay at home evenings as he used to do.

"But, Mollie, you have a good fighting chance." She looked at me intently. "I don't know what your domestic arrangements are and I don't want to know. But if Ned isn't giving you a personal and a house allowance, get both while he is still so much in love with you that he'll follow your suggestions. You must save your self-respect."

I have been thinking of Patty's story ever since she left. Ned is the most generous boy in the world. But I should hate to ask him for money every time I wanted a little.

(To Be Continued.)

Pop's Mutual Motor.

By Alma Woodward.

Scene: Pop's bedroom, at 7.30 A. M.

Ma (suspiciously)—Are you awake, Milton?

Pop (briefly)—No.

Ma (scornfully) — Preparedness Day! And you in bed. Men are marching!

Pop (calmly)—Not this man! Didn't I tell you my chiropodist said it would be pedal-suicide for me to march? When I'm paying for treatment I do as the doctor orders.

Ma (softening a trifle)—Well, it isn't necessary for you to march. I know you have corns. But I want to see the parade. I want to be able to say, in after years, that I saw it.

Pop (gesticulating)—I told you they were getting five dollars a seat on the stands. Is it worth ten dollars to you?

Ma (pityingly)—Ah, you poor cerebral lightweight! What have you got a car for? All you have to do is take your car and get a position on a side street, on the Fifth Avenue corner, and wait. If you get there early enough you'll get a good place.

Pop (for argument's sake)—The cops won't let you.

Ma—I bet you they will. Anyway, they've got enough to do to handle the crowds on foot. If you get there early enough it'll be all right.

Pop (irritably)—Why do you keep harping on "If you get there early enough"? What do you want me to do? Get up at this hour and make myself miserable?

Ma (without gloss)—Yes, I do.

Pop (plaintively martyrlike)—All right. I'll get up and go get the car and try to butt into a corner position and get chased by the cops and most likely be fined for contempt or something. But I'll do it.

(Pop casts his feet overboard and looks wretched. Receiving no sympathy, he takes a cold shower and starts to dress.)

Pop (a half hour later)—Be ready when I get back. I'm going now.

Ma (cheerily)—All right, dear. Run along and get your little car.

(Pop runs all the way to the garage. Primes the engine. Gets oil all over his fawn-colored motor coat. Brings the car to the house and blows the horn. Ma looks out of the window.)

Pop (impatiently)—Aren't you ready yet?

Ma (crooking her finger)—Come in a minute, dear.

Pop (entering the flat)—What's the matter? Want me to hook your dress?

Ma (mischievously)—Listen, Milton. I don't want to see the parade. But you know the Turners are coming for the week-end and I wanted to get things ready. And I knew I'd never get you out of the house any other way. I wanted to be prepared, you see.

Pop (with a Camorristic cackle)—PREPAREDNESS! I'm going around to Otto's cafe, drink Pilsener beer that's made in Port Jervis and sing the "Marseillaise." I guess there'll be some preparedness then! Farewell!

Facts Not Worth Knowing.

By Arthur Baer.

For the benefit of honeymooners, a Western railroad advertises that its tunnels have the finest scenery in the world.

Contrary to the opinion of young wives, salmon isn't caught canned.

The company that formerly manufactured moustache cups now makes fenders to keep whiskers out of soup plates.

The heat of the sun is so great that no human being can live there, which fortunately prevents a janitor from getting up there and spoiling everything.

If you want to hide jump into a filing case. Nobody can find anything there.